

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, January 2, 1877, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard to Mr. Alexander Graham Bell. New York. Tuesday, January 2, 1877. My dear Alec,

It is really ridiculous how much I have missed you since you left us last night. I am dreadfully anxious to hear from you. I hope you were not delayed by the storm.

I suppose you are going over the papers with Mr. Pollock now. How do you feel about the examination and cross-examination. I saw in a San Francisco paper that the only idea of the latter process some attorneys had, was to ask the witness, "You are a liar aren't you, and have you ever been arrested?" (How hard you will find it to answer the latter question). I have found the papers you spoke of, and marked in Compliments of Mabel G.H. preparatory to sending it to Mr. Towne.

My ink is so pale I have got another. Can you see any better. O, dear, Mamma said this morning that she couldn't do something now because of her eyes. I can't bear to think of her eyes growing weaker, and it is one of the reasons I am glad rather than otherwise that I am short-sighted. I wish you were -

How my letter rambles on, I have little news anyway, after the specimen you saw of a Paterson evening you can guess the rest. Mr. Marsh subsided into a big book and the most comfortable chair. Grandpa roasted before the fire. Mamma alternately talked and read. Auntie Kittie, the hostess went to sleep with her head on Auntie's lap. Your humble servant called forth reprimands from her grandfather for sitting too far from the light and occassionally indulged in fancies that her chair was giving away beneath her as she read Anne of Gierstein for the hundredth time. Don't you like Anne of Gierstein? I think it one of the most interesting of Sir Walter's novels.

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It showed hard all last night and we found the snow nearly a 2 foot thick on our windows this morning, The snow piled up on the sidewalk is at least three feet high. But the sun is warm, and the snow fast melting. I have grave fears lost it may interfere with my sleighride tomorrow.

In Washington I see by the papers, there has also been a great fall of snow. I do hope you have not caught cold in your thin overcoat. I can't endure your going about in that way. Be sure and look your very best for my satisfaction if not your own. And do your best to propitiate Mr. Pollock. I fancy he is not a man to be lightly offended. Have your instruments come? And how do they look? If I can find it I will send a little note for you from Grace thanking you for the cards, and telling you of a little matchbox.

With much love, Lovingly, Mabel.